

Stoner's Snitchings

Dedicated to the Wolverines who are still on the prowl:
 Just give me a man
 With a million or two,
 Or one that is handsome
 Would happily do,
 A dashing young fellow
 Is swell any day,
 Or one like Farley Granger
 Would suit me O.K.

P.S. But if the man shortage should get any worse go back to the very first line of this little verse!

That's the nature of men . . .
 Not to love when we love them,
 And to love when we love them not.

INQUIRING REPORTER

If you had a flibbertigibbet, what would you do with it?
 Mary Jane—eat it.
 "Teeny"—keep my distance.
 Amelia—hide it!
 Carlton Everhart—make a pet out of it!
 Jerry Perkins—give it to Miss Manning.
 Victor Kirkman—go crazy trying to pronounce it.
 Sonny Hames—keep it for a souvenir.
 Norma ("Butter") Smith—cover it up.
 Janet Brown—throw it out the window.
 Joe Conrad—I'd sleep with it!
 Wayne Crowell—I'd ride in it.
 "Kitty"—calm it down.
 Don Purdee—wouldn't let anyone know I had it.
 Martha Leonard—I'd blow it up.
 Joanie Green—make it do my homework.
 Frank Koonts—I'd train it to talk.
 Foyle Wagner—walk down the street with it.
 Bobby Koonts—I'd put it in a cage.

RECORD REVIEW

Oh, it is I.
 A reporter too,
 Come to report
 On the Record Review.
 That Mule Train
 Clipping close to the top
 Along with I Can Dream, Can't I?
 That won't be stopped.
 Vaughn Monroe's new
 Record Bamboo
 May be the one
 Just for you.
 Chattanooga hoeshine Boy
 And Rag Mop
 Are the two jazz numbers
 At the top.
 Perhaps and If I Knew You Were Coming
 Are coming in fast.
 There's No Tomorrow
 Won't be last.
 Some advice to you:
 A song will lend
 Save Your Confederate Money,
 Boys, 'Cause the South's Gonna Rise Again.

"SNOW" MAN

Must have the:
 clothes of—Q-Ball
 Personality of—"Preacher"
 Build of—Charlie
 Disposition of—"Big-Wag"
 Eyes of—Raymond Roberson
 Hair of—Dimous
 Friendliness of—Joe Conrad
 Vitality of—Herbie (yack)
 Athletic ability of—Carter
 Cuteness of—Bobby Koonts

DREAM GIRL

must have the:
 figure of—Hinge
 Clothes of—Peggy Costner
 Personality of—Teeny
 Hair of—Amelia
 Eyes of—Kitty
 Wit of—Martha Leonard
 Cuteness of—Nancy Allen

*Flibbertigibbet—a woman that talks too much.

"Music Hath Charm"—Shakespeare

By Two Notes (We Note Everything)

Theme songs seem to be in the air these days. For no particular reason, they just are. While strolling through the halls we happened to overhear some of them.

Timberlake was singing to "Teeny," "Down By the Old Mill Stream"; but "Teeny" answered back with "Mamma Won't Let Me Go Fishing With You."

Then there was "Dimous singing to Amelia "Those Little White Lies," while Amelia answered back with "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry"; and Crow, who had silently been watching, strolled off singing "I Can Dream, Can't I?"

Of course we couldn't miss that couple you "Always" see "Together"—Joanie and Cootie. If I wasn't mistaken I think I heard Joanie singing "He's My King Size Papa," and Cootie obediently answered with, "I'm Just a Prisoner of Love."

It wouldn't do to tell the names of all the boys that constantly sing "Drinking Wine Spodeeodee," but they know who they are!

"Rumors Are Flying" that Barbara and Sid are saying "It's All Over Now." "This Couldn't Be True, It Couldn't Be True, Or Could It?"

From "Sunset to Sunrise" you can always see Martha and Carter "Together".

There goes Betsy down the hall singing "If You Are But a Dream." Now we wonder what she means by that?

Over there is Sue Carol. What's that she's singing to another boy? "You, You, You Are the One." Herbert just came up to her and sang, "You Can't Be True, Dear." I guess he meant "Too Many Sweethearts."

All of these girls that have diamonds make their theme song, "True" or "Someday"; but they better be careful "Because" "All That Glistens is Not Gold," and they might change their tune to "I Wish I Were Single Again."

Some of those little eighth grade gals are really a "Temptation," boys. You know you don't have to wait till they are "Sweet Sixteen" to ask for a date.

That Harry Gore surely didn't lose any time with Marie when she and Vernon Darr broke up. I just overheard Marie tell Harry to quit smiling so much, "People Will Say We're In Love," but Harry said, "I Don't Care Who Knows It."

We have quite a "Heart-Breaker" around here. Just "Ask Anyone Who Knows." Say, Mr. Hill, how many girls have you tried to snow lately? Oh, well, "Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow!"

"There Goes That Song Again," wonder who's singing "Blue Moon" now? Might have known, here comes Corky!

Well, well, well, here comes Mary Jane singing "Carolina Moon." Of course that couldn't have anything to do with a certain college now, could it?

It seems like Grant Beisecker and Gail Long have consented to try it "Again." We hope this time it will last "Forever and Ever."

Did you see that good-looking boy Peggy Koonts was "Strolling" down the street with "One Sunday Afternoon"? Seems she has her fancy in Reeds.

If I had a "Ghost of a Chance With You," I'd be satisfied. Tony Solomon is "Wishing" he had this chance with Doris Sneed.

Hoyle Wagner seems to be "Slipping Around" with Eve Hargrave quite a bit lately. "Sooner or Later" this might become "Heartaches."

Donree's been singing "Those Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine." Oh, well, those "Wedding Bells" might be ringing for you soon.

Johnny Gobble likes to be "Near You," Sue Mitchell. Sue says, "I'll Never Smile Again" if you leave me for "Always."

"Just Because" Paul Agner is with you from "Sunset to Sunrise," Billie Fritts says, "I'll String Along With You."

Tommy, "If You But Knew" that Gail Long is dating "Always," could there be "Jealousy" in your mind?

"Ask Anyone Who Knows" and they'll tell you that Bernice Rider would be "Lost Without You," Curtis.

Carolyn Moore, why don't you "Confess" that you hope that "Someday" you can date Johnny Griffith.

Blake Crouse is seen down at Blanche Cox's house "Sunday, Monday, or Always". Could it be that "You, You, You Are the One?"

"If I'd Known You Were Coming I'd Baked a Cake," Betty Lou told Jack when he came over "Saturday Night."

It's mighty interesting to hear about Beetle Craven's asking Pat Streetman for dates. "Patience and Fortitude," Beetle, maybe she wants to be "Near You," but who knows that "You Were Only Fooling."

"They Didn't Believe Me" when I told them that Macky Redwine was writing "Love Letters" to a girl at Salem.

Peggy Lovell would like to have "Someone Like You," Don Curry. "I'll Walk Alone" "With My Eyes Wide Open" "Until" "I'll See You In My Dreams."

"I'll Give You My Word." Lib McDowell is seen constantly in a '41 Chevrolet.

"Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life"—"The Melodies Linger On." "Time Waits For No One," so "I'll Be Seeing You." "Till Ten"—"Tallyho!"



—Peggie McCulloch

The reason why the average girl would rather have beauty than brains is that the average man can see better than he can think.

When a woman driver sticks out her hand to turn, it means — the window is open.

I am twenty-five cents.
 I am not on speaking terms with the butcher.

I am too small to buy a quart of ice cream.

I am not large enough to purchase a box of candy.

I am too small to buy a ticket to a movie.

I am hardly fit for a tip, but—believe me, when I go to church on Sunday I am considered some money.

Men look shorter when they sit down these days—they're sitting on flat wallets.

Statistics prove that locomotives are not afraid of automobiles.

Sign on the steps of a courthouse: "This way for Marriage Licenses — Watch Your Step."

Why is that a woman, who usually wears no more than five pounds of clothing at a time, packs a suitcase with 37 pounds of clothes for a week end trip?

One worker to another: "Whom do I see about a raise? I'm new here!"

One sorority girl to another: "Whom should I date this week end, the Cadillac or Buick?"

A compliment is like a whiff of perfume. It should be inhaled, not swallowed.

If a man reaches into a hat and pulls out a rabbit, it's magic. If a woman reaches into her handbag for a door key and pulls out a door key, it's a miracle.

Son speaking to father who is looking at report card: "You can see she's against me—she has me even dumber than I was last month, and you know that's impossible."

Budget—Method of planned worry.

Fur Coat—Thing that keeps a woman warm and quiet.

Women are like newspapers because:
 They have forms;
 Are made up;
 Have bold types;
 They always have the last word;
 Back numbers are not in demand;
 They have a great deal of influence;
 They are well worth looking over;
 You cannot believe everything they say;

They carry the news wherever they go;
 They are never afraid to speak;
 They are much thinner than they used to be;
 Every man should have one of his own and not borrow from his neighbors.

PICKETT AND GREEN, The Shop for Men

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